

› Back in the Days

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Back in the day, 1986

Me and Mad Mike puttin' records in the mix
Doin' party after party, high schools and jam
Back before the Glock was king and brothas spoke like men
Makin' demo after demo, tryin' to come up quick
It's funny how n***as treat you when you ain't got sh*t
But now I kept on 'cause pops told me
Never to let anybody in the way where I try to get
It was me and D.R. freakin' with the funk
Jerry in the jail, I had a system in the trunk
And it was on, Friday nights the party's jumpin'
Summertime hits had the speakers straight bumpin'
And believe me, even though we had no loot
Everybody knew that we was finsta come up soon
I still remember them days, they was crazy, but now they gone
It ain't nothin' like it used to be before
Back in the days

[Hook]

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[Verse 2]

1990, fresh out of college

Public Enemy is hittin' n***as up with knowledge
And I love it 'cause without them, there would be no me
Took a trip down to Oakland, heard the minister speak
Felt deep and shortly I was in a while
Forever down for my people 'til the day that I die
That's when "Devil Made Me Do It," it was made, I still remember
The days, still remember the rage, and I was into
Everyday building, trying to be much more

Took a trip down to Cuba, met A**ata Shakur
Had dinner with Fidel, talked about old times
And now America's steady tryin' to destroy minds
And when I got back, it seemed much clearer to me
And when my cousin went to war, he was only nineteen
I still remember them days, they was crazy but now they gone
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[Verse 3]

1992, and I'm sour inside
Cause a couple homies pa**ed away before their time
And even though I'm movin' units schoolin' better than most
It ain't the same 'cause I still feel pain and I'm tryin' to cope
And everyday's gettin' clearer to me
Cause if it ain't guns and drugs, it's the pigs and HIV
And now I'm lookin' for a way to try to fight it back
But you see it's votin' time and now you wanna ban rap
Thought I was f**ked playin' by your rules
"Sleeping With the Enemy" was album number two
Let's take a look around and see which one of you all
Gotta balls to put me out, here's a middle finger off for all y'all
Tripped for a minute but before too long
A young brotha said, "F**k it!" and a label was born
I still remember them days, they was crazy but now they gone
It ain't nothin' like it used to be but yo, now it's ninety-fo'
And I'm servin' album number three
How many fake wannabe G's do I see?
Now we're back to days of the n***a and the b*t*h
No deposit, no return, it's a trip, I check my grip
And realize that it's all in your mind
Mothaf**k you and that fake gangsta sh*t, I stays righteous
And serve 'em with the dope

Should a truth get a clue? Monkey see, monkey do

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